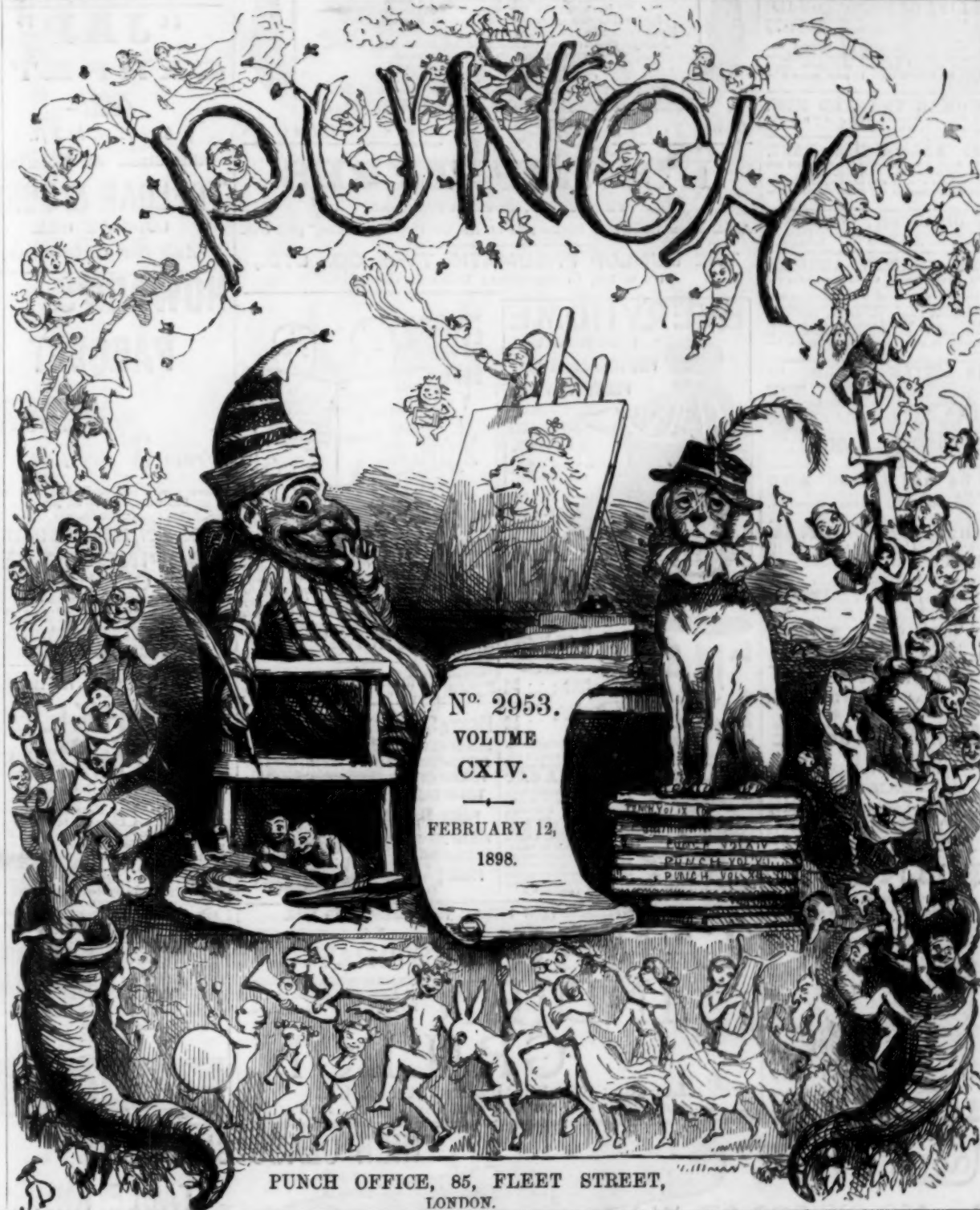


GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, LONDON.
HÔTEL VICTORIA, LONDON.
FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRICHTON.
BURLINGTON HOTEL, EASTBOURNE.

THE GORDON HOTELS ARE

ROYAL PIER HOTEL, RYDE, I. W.
CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL, MARGATE.
LORD WARDEN HOTEL, DOVER.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, FOLKESTONE.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, MONTE CARLO.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, CANNES.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.



PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

THE ROAD TO KLONDIKE. THROUGH THE GOLD FIELDS OF ALASKA TO BEAR RIVER. By HENRY W. WILSON. With Map and 25 Full-page Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 16s.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON III. By ANTHONY FREEMAN. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 36 Full-page Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 12s.
"Everybody is aware that the brilliant war correspondent had many opportunities of studying the Emperor at close quarters, and these pages show that he turned them to good account."—LONDON MERCURY.

A WOMAN TEMPTED HIM. By WILLIAM WATSON. Author of "With the Red Eagle," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

MISS BALMAINE'S PAST. By B. M. CHORRER. Author of "Beyond the Pale," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.
"Miss Balmaine" is as well drawn and life-like as "Diana Harrington" or any of her successors."—WORLD.

THE DISASTER. By PAUL AND VICTOR MARQUET. Translated by FARRINGTON LANE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. (February 24).

MORE TRAMPS ABROAD. By MARK TWAIN. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.
"At his best, Mark Twain is a delightful as well as a droll companion—a comedian as relations as Charles Matthews used to be in 'As Cool as a Cucumber.' We will end by bidding those who are in search of laughter to make haste to take, by proxy at least, 'More Tramps Abroad.'"—STANDARD.

THIS LITTLE WORLD. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. Author of "Joseph's Coat." Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.
"Mr. Murray has never done anything better than this fine story. The incidents are presented with wonderful force and freshness, the action never flags, and in vividness and power of characterization the story is masterly. It is a book that will add to Mr. Murray's reputation."—LONDON MERCURY.

TALES IN PROSE AND VERSE. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. With a Frontispiece by Arthur Hopkins. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

BY THE RISE OF THE RIVER. TALES AND SKETCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA. By ARTHUR CLARKE. Author of "For the Love of a Lion." Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6s.
"The best test of the value and beauty of these stories, which go deep into the pain and passion, the strife and stress of human life, in quiet scenes and under fair appearances, and also in stirring scenes and amid the play of strong human emotions, is to be found in the fact that the dialect does not materially interfere with the pleasure which the book affords."—WORLD.

CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

Conan Doyle's New Novel.

Now ready. With 40 Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE KOROSKO.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "The White Company," "Rodney Stone," "Uncle Bernac," &c.

London: SMITH, ELDER & Co., 18, Waterloo Place.

"PUNCH"

is being set up every week by
LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

Dr DUNBAR'S
ALKARAM
CURES
COLDS AND CATARRH

OF ALL CHEMISTS, OR POST FREE, 2s., FROM
NEWBURY'S, KING EDWARD STREET, E.C.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.
SCRUBB & CO., 32b SOUTHWARK STREET, S.E.

For CYCLES and CARRIAGES

DUNLOP TYRES

First in 1888, Foremost ever since.

A Handsome Illustrated Booklet, "ALL ABOUT DUNLOP TYRES," post free.

THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO., LTD.,
160 to 166, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

EVERY HOME

is beautified by
PHOTOGRAPHS AND
PHOTOCRAVURES
AFTER
CELEBRATED
PICTURES.



Illustrated Catalogue 1/-
BERLIN
PHOTO CO.,
131, New
Bond Street,
LONDON, W.

THE FAMOUS
The English
Razor, per excellence, its revelation to those who have only used the big, clumsy ones in use. Now in use by thousands of delighted shavers.

"MAB" RAZOR

PRICE:—
Black . . . 2/6
Ivory . . . 3/6
Fair in Case.
Black . . . 7/6
Ivory . . . 9/6
"MAB" Co., 75, Newhall St., Birmingham.
City Agent: C. CLEMENTS, 42, Old Broad St., E.C.

SHALL WE SEND YOU A CAT

alogues of Greenhouses from
Roofs, Poultry and Rustic
Houses, Iron Buildings,
Chicken House, Buns and
Coops, Timber, Iron, Glass,
and Sundries. CLEARANCE
SALE NOW ON at extra-
ordinary low prices to clear.
Send to-day, as when once
cleared cannot be replaced
at anything like the price. W. COOPER, Horti-
cultural Provider, 74, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGES, VERY ACREEABLE TO TAKE.

TAMAR CONSTIPATION, INDIEN GRILLON.

London: 47, Southwark Street, S.E.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. A BOX.

PALESTINE & EGYPT CRUISE,
including Athens, Constantinople,
Smyrna, Damascus, &c., February 18, on
S.S. "Midnight Sun," 2,188 tons, electric
light, excellent cuisine, accompanied by Mr.
Perowne. Lecturers, Bishop of Carlisle, Pro-
fessor Sayce, and Professor Ramsey. Details,
Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, N.W.

"JAP" CARPETS 42/-

Size 12 ft. by 9 ft.

Other Sizes. All Colourings.

TRELOAR & SONS,
LUDGATE HILL

Ask for Catalogue.

HOWARD'S PARQUET FLOORS

From 3d. per foot.

Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall
Panelling from 2s. 2d. per foot.

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

HOOPING COUGH, CROUP.

BOOTH'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.
The celebrated effectual cure without internal
medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. Rowlands &
Son, 187, Queen Victoria Street, London.
Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.
Paris—Rousselle & Co., 5, Rue de la Paix.
New York—Forsyth & Co., North William Street.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all
impurities, from whatever cause arising.
For Scrofula, Eczema, Erysipelas, Bad Legs,
Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and
Sores of all kinds, its effects are mar-
vellous. It is the only real specific for
Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes
the cause from the blood and bones.
Thousands of wonderful cures have been
effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 6d. and 11s.
each, of Chemists everywhere.
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

Savory & Moore's

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.
Self-Digesting.

Sold Everywhere.
In Tins. 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.

Infants Food

Mappin & Webb.

158 to 162, OXFORD ST., W.,
2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.

(Facing the Mansion House.)

Manufactured by THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.

HIGH CLASS SHEFFIELD TABLE KNIVES.



Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

IF, BY MISTAKE, YOU HAVE HALLOED A HARE AWAY, WHEN OUT WITH FOXHOUNDS, TELL THE HUNTSMAN YOU THOUGHT THEY WERE HARRIERS!

OVER THE DITCHES.

DETERMINE to have day's hunting in Essex. Grand sporting country, big ditches, and plenty of room across the open Roothings. Find I must start by 8.50 train from Liverpool Street. Can't be helped. Tell groom to have horse there in good time. Looks sulky. Always does when it's a matter of getting up early, lazy beggar! Dine overnight with the CHUNKINES, who regard me as a hero. Rather like this. Put on hardy look when they pity me for having to rise so early. To bed at midnight. No sooner asleep than knock at door: "arf past six, Sir, and a foggy mornin'." D— bother it, I mean. Put nose out of bed-clothes and execrate hunting. Catch sight of tub, shiver and duck under again. Five minutes more, and then rush for tub, emitting dismal howl as first cold spongeful does its deadly work. Shave by candlelight with cold fingers, tepid water, and blunt razor. Cut chin. Again exclaim d— bother it. Cab at door as I pull on left boot. Scald mouth with cup of tea, and snatch up piece of toast to gnaw going along. No time for more, and, strange to say, no appetite. Cab damp, also stuffy.

Arrive Liverpool Street. Groom meets me, saying my brute declines to enter horse-box, and is engaged in deadly combat with whole of G. E. R. staff, from stationmaster downwards. Train leaves in three minutes. Rush frenziedly to struggling group round horse-box, and aim violent "whack" at the beast's quarters. Miss him and hit porter in the eye. Porter hurls whole of the English language at me. So rude. "W'y don't yer back 'im in?" shouts friendly cabman. Of course; why didn't we think of it before? So silly. Horse goes in like ship sailing "starn foremost." I rush to shut up side of horse-box, as train is just off. Jam fingers in hinge. D— jam it, I mean. "Now then, Sir, jump in if you're a-goin' on!" shouts guard. Scramble into last carriage, and we are off. Quite warm now, after my exertions. Fog on line, and we stop every ten yards. Dismal journey, and arrive half an hour late. Get horse out, and start on my ten-mile hack to meet. Lose my way, and ask intelligent countryman to direct me. I. C. raises hat and scratches head.

"Whoy, now, if you was to foller this 'ere road straight as you can go for about your mile, an' then tarn to yer right an'

go acrost a stone bridge an' leave the 'Fox and Geuse' on yer left 'an' then tarn to yer right agen, yew'd be somers on the road to where t' hounds *did* meet last Toosday was a fortnit ago—"

Thank him hastily, and pass on, saying that I will call in for the rest of the explanation when I have a week to spare. Trot on, and presently see man in pink ahead of me. Follow him, and duly arrive at meet. Large field. Don't know a soul. Every one stares at me and chats to his neighbour. Feel uncomfortable. Wish they wouldn't. Draw first cover blank. My horse gets fidgetty and unpleasant. Sidles up against big man, who scowls savagely and mutters something about Cockney sportsmen. Pretend not to hear. Hound rushes wildly between my horse's legs. Sagacious animal lets fly, and kicks him yards. Fearful chorus of indignant shouts to "take that brute home," and inquiries as to whether I want to kill all the pack?

Ignore them, smile in pitying manner, and light cigar. Have only had six whiffs when hounds find, and have to throw Cabana away. Pull up my girths, which makes horse lash out again, and very nearly bag another hound. Away we all gallop for small hand-gate which every one tries to go through at once. My brute arches his back, squeals and kicks at every stride. Feel that there is much daylight between self and proud animal at intervals; frequent ones, too. Saddle hard, cold, and slippery. Get through gate at last, gate-post catching my knee, and causing me to lose stirrup-iron, and exclaim "D— botheration!" Gallop over beautiful bit of grass and jump several easy ditches. Very nice country to ride over, and all this talk about gigantic Roothing ditches simply rubbish. Nothing like as big as—Hullo! what's this? Navigable river? Part of the Ship Canal? Forty-foot saw-pit? No: only a real Roothing ditch. Instantly try to pull up. Think I'll go round. Too late. Man in pink, just in front, goes in head first and disappears bodily. My horse makes frantic effort, but jumps short, and we come down right on 'op of unfortunate sportsman at bottom of ditch. Vision of coroner's inquests, verdict of manslaughter, Old Bailey, and penal servitude float mistily before my eyes. Wave arms about wildly, and seize nose of the man I think I have slain. We sit up and face each other. He is not dead. He smiles. He draws note-book from breast-pocket. He speaks. And this is what he says:—

"I am the Hunt Secretary, Sir, and I trust I may have the pleasure of putting you down on my list as a ten-guinea subscriber. Always as well to do business when opportunity offers. Allow me to hand you my card. Cheques should be crossed London and County Bank."

And they call this "sleepy Essex"!

MR. B. W. LEADER, the recently elected "R. A.," is very generally acknowledged to be "one of the most popular of modern landscape painters." Young artists in his line will do well to adopt the evident motto of "Follow my Leader."

IDENTIFICATION OF THE MAN WHO LET OFF A PISTOL IN THE GAIETY THEATRE.—At the police-station he said he "had been working as odd man at Anderson's, Popular." Here, then, was "The odd man out"!



"SOME ONE HAS BLUNDERED."

Lucy Satterthwaite.
 British Regimental Officer (from Indian Frontier). "SORRY WE HAVEN'T FINISHED THE JOB, SIR." BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO IS!
 Field-Marshal Punch (Commander-in-Chief). "ALL RIGHT, MY LADS. YOU'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO IS!"

A NEW ODE TO "DUTY."

STERN daughter—of no matter who!
O Duty!—comprehensive name—
You are not "light to guide," with you
Dancing is but a weary game.
Your step is in itself a law
Which no collisions overawe;
Like some fell motor-car set free
You jostle round, unblessed of frail
humanity!

There are who care not if your eye
Be on them; others ask, in truth,
A dance, but cut it by-and-bye
With all the genial cheek of youth
Glad hearts! They save themselves a lot
Of bumps, and know it—do they not?—
They once their confidence misplaced
In you, and now no more their arms shall
span your waist.

For this, methinks, were pure delight,
The haven where a man would be—
To dance with whom one likes all night,
And, so to speak, be Duty-free!
Yet they a dangerous course shall hold
Who dare to live, unwisely bold,
Up to the spirit of this creed;
Nor even give a set of Lancers as your meed.

I, loving freedom well, have tried
To bear the ill-concealed disgust
Of fond mammas all stony-eyed,
Who in me have reposed their trust.
For oft when in my heart I've heard
The call of Duty, I've deferred
The task, in smoother waltz to stray;
But now—I'll have this extra polka, if I
may!

Stern Duty! Now I see you wear
A sort of smile upon your face,
Though my request you grant, I fear,
With not the very best of grace.
Confusion in your footing treads,
I pray we fall not on our heads,
The while we make the giddy throng
Sit up in this wild polka, going fresh and
strong.

To Providence's saving power
Our mad career I now commend,
This baddish quarter of an hour
Which I'm about with you to spend!

Meanwhile let men take my advice
And cultivate self-sacrifice,
So shall they fail offence to give,
And in the approving smiles of watchful
chaperones live!



Miss Smith. "We've just come from TANNHAUSER, DOCTOR."
The Doctor (very deaf). "INDEED! I HOPE YOU HAD BETTER WEATHER THAN WE'VE
BEEN HAVING!"

THE TOQUE'S PROGRESS.

["Owing to the enormously high trimmings now put upon smart hats and toques, the ordinary brougham does not permit its fair occupant in full afternoon toilet to sit in comfort. Some of the leading carriage-makers therefore have had to lower the seats of many closed vehicles."—*Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 4.]

THERE is no such thing as finality in Fashion, and we may rest assured that further developments are impending.

The seats of railway-carriages will be arranged on a sliding-scale. Those of the third-class will perhaps remain as they are at present, but the second-class, containing, presumably, better-dressed lady-passengers, will be lowered a foot, while first-class compartments will have no seats at all. The wearers of the omnipotent aigrette will cheerfully sit on the floor of the carriage, or possibly on a foot-warmer. Gentlemen, of course, will have to stand, or travel in horse-boxes. It is expected that later on railway cuttings will be universal throughout the country, to meet the increased depth required.

In theatres, the stalls will in future be constructed on the principle of a stage-trap, through which the owners of matinée-

hats will descend to the desired level, and, if necessary, disappear below altogether. A much-needed reform will thus be brought to pass.

Omnibuses will be converted into penny drays, but straw will doubtless be provided for the convenience of female occupants, where the pavement is at all rocky. No gentleman, it is expected, will hereafter hesitate to ride outside to oblige a lady.

Hansom cabs and growlers will be built without any floor. Ladies of any standing at all will recline on the step, or walk inside, like the historic Irishman, "for the look of the thing."

In the case of covered motor-cars, ladies will push them behind like perambulators.

And then, and not till then, will the fiat go forth that feminine hats are to be worn reasonably flat and low.

ACCORDING to the *Westminster Gazette*, there are ten teetotal bishops. The watering-places abroad are generally in want of chaplains. Here, then, is an opportunity for the teetotal bishops to appoint to water-cures.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With acknowledgments as before.)

The Zolafite



This Animal is very bold and courageous. He is very clever at his work but he gets very broad in places. The lower down things are the harder he tries to get them out. The Proof is proved very deep just now and that is what he is looking for. So they are all dancing with rage and say he is a Italian.

The Trimmadome
or
Willirich

This pleasant little Creature lives up in some of the corner over a whispering gallery and spoons all his time skimming on nice little pictures and patterns. You can't see much of them from downstairs but he says they are all quite religious and he is very reliable.

The Ruddyhipple



This little Animal is very strong and vigorous and knows everything. If any body tries to beat it, it brings out a fresh tail and then nobody can touch that either. It says curiously up to it would make a few opens want to die for his country. If a Lorry it shows his nose it just squashes him flat.

DARBY JONES ON SPRING TOPICS.

HONOURED SIR,—There are many things associated with the mellifluous term Spring, "to wit" (as they have it in the mandatory and disagreeable orders of HER MAJESTY'S Courts of Law), Spring cabbages, Spring onions, Spring guns, Spring flowers, and Spring handicaps. It is with the latter article that I have to deal, in the International Game of Equine Whist, wherein a bottled-up Knave often scores more readily than a tip-top Queen, an irreproachable King, or an Ace desirous of Cromwellian supremacy. Let us now, however, to the handicaps. By the way, why handy? Why caps? I reply, handy, because our jockeys, like prizelighers, know how to use their flats at a finish; caps because, until horses are painted with the owners' colours, they and the jackets must go together, and on a dull day in winter, they might just as well be displayed in Unochrome. I turn in pursuance of that task, which sets the compilation of a new Slang Dictionary at defiance, to the unravelling of the mesh which surrounds the Lincolnshire Handicap, run on Thursday, March 22, beneath the shade of one of the most deftly renovated Cathedrals in England. And in connection with this event the Bard breaks forth in poesy:—

The Medley seems bright
When it's rid of the Knight,
And Lord Rosebery's may have a look in.
There's a King with a chance,
And a Stow in the dance,
But I look to a Saint for a book win!

So says the Augur, and with that knowledge only derived from the Study of a Lifetime, he gallops over Aintree in his anticipation of the Grand National:—

I don't think a Declaration
Will be source of jubilation,
I'd rather have a little bit on Two from
Erin's Isle;

And there's a certain Ward
Whom to beat it will be hard,
But matters I'll not mince, I,
If game and good the Prince,
He'll dummock all the lot in proper style.

This, honoured Sir, is my beginning, the A of my Alphabet. By the time we come to Z, nay, long before that, you and my clients should be travelling about the country in personally-owned motor-cars. But alas! for the Ingratitude of Mankind. Many of those who are now making pigeons at Monte Carlo owe not a little of their well-being to the acute foresight of Your humble henchman and heeler,
DARBY JONES.

A FROSTLESS JANUARY.

THE plumber wrung his hands and wept.
No frost! How hard for those adept.

At mending "pipes that 'a busted!"
The butcher groaned to think of meat
The mildness made unfit to eat,

Such winter he distrusted.
The merchant of neglected coal
Consumed in grief his stricken soul,
Too utterly disgusted.

The ice-rink man alone was glad;
No frost, except indoors; it had
Been perfectly adjusted.



Coming to the Throne.

A "PARSONA GRATA."

A SUBJECT for a sermon by the Rev. STEWART HEADLAM, who once, as a Church Note in the St. James's Gazette records, recommended the Bishop of London to visit the Empire and see a ballet, might be "The Dance of the Daughter of HERODIAS." His Reverence could learn something instructive from Dean FARRAR as to "posturing Pharisees." What a charming transformation scene, semi-ecclesiastic-semi-fairylanish, might be devised, with Madame GREGOLATI of Drury Lane as "The Posturing Queen of the Fairy Seas"! The Fratres Druriolani should take a hint from this for their next pantomime.

A Drop too much.

(By a Licensed Victualler.)

[At the Local Veto Conference at Manchester, Mr. SCHWANN expressed himself as tired of voting for a large measure which cannot be carried, and desirous of securing some more solid instalment of reform.]

THOUGH rabid teetotalers storm,
'Tis better—shrewd Radicals own—
To go in for Solid Reform—
And leave people's liquors alone.

THE KING OF THE BAKERS.—Recently has been published a list of various Notables who are to confer as to the best way of celebrating the thousandth anniversary of King ALFRED THE GREAT. Shall ALFRED have a statue? Why, certainly. Should it not record the celebrated incident of King ALFRED "taking the cake"?

ONE WAY TO INCREASE THE ARMY.—Why not give military commissions to Messrs. WHITELEY and HARBOD, the Universal Providers, and order a ready-made, ready-drilled, perfectly-equipped Force, to be under the command of "General Stores"?

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

WALKGO TOWARDS TSCHERRINGROSS.

HONOURED MISTER OVER-NEWSPAPERS-DIREKTOR,—I have to You now one ever "Luggitsch" asking r'ackagecarryer to me, alter mein unspeikly and unbelievly derma and never before endured tourmourman Fast, from the at Londonbritsch stanway-stationretreatmentroom outcoming, one in London "Teikekeb" named Conveywork, r'athwerk, commended sayed.

I follow him, one Tunnel, where all dark is, among, after, and then see i one Light. It is a waggonlamp. But what for one Droschke! The Coacher is behind, the waggon is very little, and hangs on the Horse. No ist der Einritt, where is the Entry? Behind, perhaps. I see him not. What, between the waggonwheel and the Horse? Unpossibly! The Entry is so narrow; I kan not therein go. What for one Land, where the Conveyworks only for the Lains naked are!

The r'ackagecarryer put mein sack within, and call "Tscherringross." I pull me up, he push, and endly am i on one foot on the little Waggonstep. But i must there remain stand, because i not within go kan. "The Doors aint open, Maunsman," say he. The Horse begin ontogo, i stand on one foot, it give Nothings to him. "You must kom out," say he. That do i, and very pötschlich, because i on the r'ackagecarryer fall, and we together on the Earth roll. I elevate me, and i say, quite angry, "I under-weather! I go not in Your englischa Droschke. She is too dangerly." The unlucky the tied rubbing r'ackagecarryer say that he hurted is, and that i to him money give must. I offer to him one Fiftypennigbit. He say, "Blow me." I say, "I have to You one blow gived, it do me very eriet, i will not You again blow, take You something money." He spiek mutsch and violent.

Endly understand i that he no german Silver take will. I have no englissh. I bring one golden Denmark out, and i say, "Kan You this change?" "Yes, Maunsman," say he, "but You git in." "Never!" anser i. "You must," say he. He open the Doors, i pull, he push, i lift the Foots up, i let the Hed down, i see too acrosshanging leathern Straps, i grasp them, the Coacher cry out, the Horse jump, and sudden am i downfalled, the tied within, the Body on the Landingplace, and the Foots without. The Horse halt not. I crawl within, and i sit on the Floor. Why hat the Coacher not?

Pötsch! Mein Zehnmarkstück! Wo ist der Gepäckträger? I see Nothings. I must to the Coacher spiek. But how? He is behind. I kan not the window open, so seek i round the waggoncorner to see. Unpossibly! I dare not on the narrow Waggonstep to go, so endly stand i up, and grasp after one of the leathern Straps, which, as i nau see, the itains are. I must the Horse stop.

That do i. It go sudden towards the Side, i fall yet again, thistime fall the Horse likewise, the Teikekeb go down, i roll out, the Coacher fall on me, and we all are on the Earth together. Mein Hat is braked, mein Coat is tared, All is muddy, and i have Hedpain, Backpain, Legpain. I stand up, and i say, "Never again go i in Your accursed Droschke." The Coacher stand up, he pull the Horse up, and then spiek he mutsch and violent. We are alone in the nebulous Darkness. I am greater as he, but i am plump, and i am hurted. He hold his Whip, he say, "You blumin Ful offer Furriner"—was ist das!—he say mutsch more, he say often that i blutig am, that the Horse blutig is, that All blutig is, witch not true is, because we only bruised, not wounded, are, and i no Blood see kan, he shout, he wave his Whip, and endly say he, "One Quid." "What is that?" ask i. "Twenty Bob," say he, "one Pound." Himmel, zwanzig Mark!

That shall i not to him give. But he lift his Whip up, and i bring mein Twentymarkbits from mein Purse out. He say he take no "blumin german Money." I say to him that i no other have, so endly take he too Twentymarkbits, and spiek frendlyer. He say the Fog so thick is, that he the Horse leed must, and as i in one Teikekeb nevermore up step shall, so go we to Foot quite slow. Ach Himmel! In Germany as Younger have i me mutsch with the Turnunion in the Turnhall exersised, but now am i no Walkgoer, because i too plump am.

It is fierful long. Tscherringross is, without Daut, ten Kilometer from Londonbritsch. The Fog is so fierful thick, and i am so fierful weary, that i Nothings observe kan. Since seven or eight Hours have i Nothings eated. From Time to Time see i one grate Light. It is one Bierstube, and often wait we in order one Glas Bier to drink. But it give Nothings to eat. I am ever weayer, i breath only Coalsmoke, i dy of Hunger. Oh, verfluchte Stadt! I think to the Berlinisch Animalgarden in the Summer, when the Air fresh and warm, and



"PAPA SENT YOU THAT SIXPENCE, AND HE WANTS TO KNOW WHY YOU NEVER PLAY MORE THAN ONE TUNE!"
"COS PEOPLE NEVER WANT NO MORE 'N ONE, MISSIE!"

neither kold nor smoky, is. Unser Tiergarten! Ach, wie angenehm! Therein go the Horsesway, Pferdebahn, so kan man without Wearyness atkom, and there, while man Sausages or Biefstakes or Calfroast eat, Cigars smoke, and Bier drink, kan man quite bequem and happy sit remain. The Remembering is so pathetic, and i am so week and miserabel, that i almost weep.

As i in the Intention mein Pocketcloth, in order the Eys to wipe, outtobring am, kom we in one Court at. Den Himmel sei Dank! It is Tscherringross. And it is one Hotel. The Coacher ask yet ten Mark. I am so weary that i not dispute kan, and i pay. Then eat i three Biefstakes and drink seven Flaks Bier, and even so rasch as possibly go i to Bed.

Highattentionsfull humblest LUDWIG.

"PETER, DIDST EVER SEE THE LIKE?"

Taming of the Shrew, Act IV., Sc. 1

It seems a pity that Peter the Great should be dethroned. Rarely has our Sir HENRY been seen to greater advantage, in every way, than as the eccentric Czar; and well is he seconded by our American cousin, Mr. ROBERT TARKER, while Mr. MACKINTOSH is once again the very best of spies. Had Mr. IRVING, Junr. the author, only been able to render the female characters equally effective, and to have given (what GOETHE asked for) "more light" to the sombre drama, it might have held the stage, and the audience, for a considerable period. Perhaps there yet may be seen a second and improved edition. However, the fiat has gone forth, and once more "The Bells will be ringing for IRVING"; Shylock will make another desperate attempt to get a pound of Antonio's flesh, and ELLEN TERRY will delight us all as the light-hearted blanchisseuse, Madame Sans-Gêne.

A GOOD PUFF.—The Bishop of LONDON, during a recent interview, is said to have smoked seventeen cigarettes. In answer to numerous inquiries as to whose cigarettes these were, whether made by Messrs. — or Messrs. —, we are able to state positively that they were the Bishop's—unless they were the interviewer's.



NOT THE PLEASANTEST WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Invalid. "OH, DOCTOR, I'M AFRAID I'M PRETTY WELL AT DEATH'S DOOR!"
Doctor. "DON'T YOU WORRY, MY DEAR SIR—WE'LL PULL YOU THROUGH!"

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

THE FIGHTING GEFFION:

OR, THE VOYAGE TO KAISERLAND.
(After Mr. Neubolt—from the Blue.)

It was nine bells ringing,
 As they swaggered out o' Kiel,
 For the watch was busy singing,
 And they'd overdone the peel;
 It was nine bells ringing,
 For the watch was busy singing,
 And the pilot's wife was clinging
 To the pilot at the wheel.

*Oh! to hear the pistons pounding,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 And the osculations sounding,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 Oh! to hear the pistons pounding,
 And the osculations sounding,
 And Our Only Brother bounding
 On the boom to Kaiserland!*

It was trombones trumping
 In the military band,
 And the tide was slowly slumping
 As he waved his mailed hand;
 It was trombones trumping,
 And the tide was slowly slumping,
 And the KAISER's heart was bumping
 As they shoved Him off to land.

*Oh! they're bound for blood and glory,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!*

*But their heads will all be hoary,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 Oh! they're bound for blood and glory,
 But their heads will all be hoary
 Ere they tell the "gospel-story"
 On the shores of Kaiserland!*

It was fog-horns blowing,
 Where the forts o' Spithead frown,
 And the tide belike was flowing,
 And belike was running down;
 It was fog-horns blowing,
 And the tide belike was flowing,
 When HENRICUS started rowing
 On the loose for London town.

*There'll be many another stopping,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 When the engine-fires are dropping,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 There'll be many another stopping,
 When the engine-fires are dropping,
 And the good tub goes a-flopping
 Pitch-an'-toss for Kaiserland!*

It was cracked mugs clinking,
 As they sighted Singapore,
 And the bleary eyes were blinking
 At the hope o' touching shore;
 It was cracked mugs clinking,
 And the bleary eyes were blinking,
 But the cabin-boy was sinking
 With his eighty years or more!

*Oh! the crumpled masts were creaking,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!*

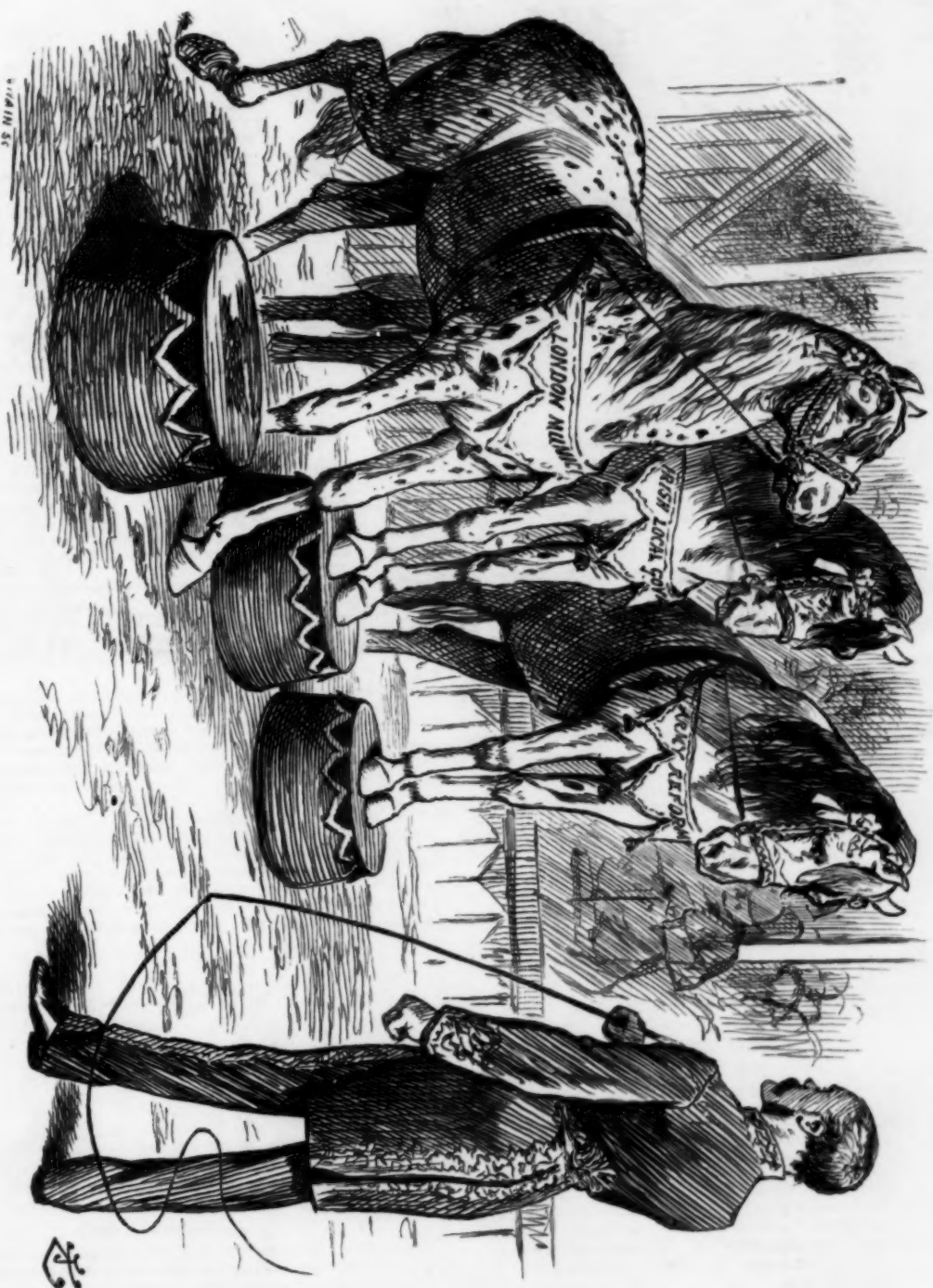
*And the bilge was frankly leaking,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 Oh! the crumpled masts were creaking,
 And the bilge was frankly leaking,
 And their throats were dry w' s' creaking
 Most profane o' Kaiserland!*

It was dumb bells tolling
 As they reeled at half a knot.
 For they'd done a deal o' coaling,
 But the pace was never hot;
 It was dumb bells tolling,
 And they'd done a deal o' coaling,
 When the wherry came a-rolling
 On to WILLIAM's little plot.

*Nine-and-ninety years were over!
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 Since they cleared the Straits o' Dover!
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 Nine-and-ninety years from Dover!
 And the lengthy lease was over,
 And the heathen sat in clover:
 On the pews o' Kaiserland!*

A REVIVAL.—Cock-fighting, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is coming into fashion again. "Henny" cocks are general favourites. "Well," says ARMY, "wot's the good o' trainin' up speshal cocks if henny sort 'll do?"

A FREE TRANSLATION.—"LUCAS, A., non lucendo,"—LUCAS, Associate, is not such a shining light as LUCAS, R.A.



THE NEW LOT.

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR B. DE B. (*Ring-Master of the Royal Westminster Circus, aside*). "TOMMY ATKINS' IS SAFE ENOUGH; I HOPE 'PIDDY' WILL DO,—
BUT I DON'T QUITE LIKE THE LOOK OF 'VESIVRYMAN'."



A JAPANESE VALENTINE.

BRITANNIA, MISTRESS OF THE BRINE,
MAKE VALIANT JAP YOUR VALENTINE!

["At the present moment there is nothing watched with more attention by the Japanese Press than the attitude of Great Britain at this juncture. During the past year, if I have heard a wish for an alliance with England expressed once, I have heard it expressed at least a hundred times."—*Tokio Correspondent of "Daily Mail."*]

DE BONO ANTIQVO JULIO CÆSARE.

CARISSIME MAGISTER PUNCHIUS, — Ad Patrem meum dixi "Nonne me duces videre spectaculum classicum *Julium Cæsarem SHAKSPERIUM*?"

"Certe," respondit gubernator, addens, "si promittes scribere criticam, et eam mittere ad nostrum amicum *Magistrum Punchium*, sine obtinendo aliquid verbum de ullo dictionario." "Jurabo! per Jingonem!" ego respondi, "si tu mihi dabis cenam post spectaculum ad clubbum tuum?" Ille promisit, et habuimus noctem capitalem.

Sic hic it!

Nunquam in vitâ meâ vidi tam magnificum spectaculum quam ad hoc Theatrum Majestatis Suae ubi ludus *SHAKSPERIENSIS*, cui nomen *Julius Cæsar* est. Actorem qui lusit *Julium*, ego recognovi per nasorem ejus, eadem naso quam videram quum ille apparuit in theatro Adelphorum ut "*Dux Wellingtonius*"; iste appellatur *Magister CAROLUS FULTON*: sed ille non est satis altus, nec satis severus, nec satis grandiosus. Et cur non habuit ille



Cæsar et Calphurnia domi.

in manibus ejus "*commentaria*," et stylum post aurem ejus? *Magister BEERBOHMII ARBOR* est admirabilis ut *Marcus Antonius*; et oratio ejus ad turbam, et turba ipsa vivens et clamans "*Eheu! Eheu!*" fuit quidquid præclarum et perfectissimum! Hæc est via sola discere et docere classicam historiam. Cur debemus habere libros quando potes habere spectacula sic acta? Subito ego quoque *Poeta Romana*. Audi!

"Dic mihi quid scribam de te *BEERBOHMII ARBOR*?"

Spero ut hoc sit omne rectum! Sed procedamus. Et tunc

quam grandis et majestica fuit illa puella splendida *LILIA HANBURIENSIS*, uxor *Cæsaris*! etiam illa decora femina *EVELYNA MILLARDA*, uxor *Bruti*! Sed conjux suavis *Magistri BEERBOHMII ARBORIS* erat puer servans (species *Buttonorum modernorum*) et illa cantavit perfectè cantum dulcissimum qui induxit, omnes audientes, *Bruto* excepto, subito et graviter dormire. Pater meus rogavit si compositor musicæ hujus carminis fuit "*Lullius*?" (Hic est jocus parvus gubernatoris.)

"*Brutus et Cassius*," nomina quæ me faciunt putare de *Latinis* exercitationibus ("Hæc olim meminisse juvabit!" vide *grammarum*) similia ad "*Balbus et Caius*" qui illum murum semper ædificabant, admirabiliter acti sunt a *Magistro LUDOVICO*



Oratio Antonii ad turbam Romanam.

*MURIOR** et *FRANKLYNO MCCLEANO*, duobus dexteris actoribus quorum principalis (quæ hujus pars est duarum difficilior) est *LUDOVICUS MURIOR*.

Quid dicam de vestibus scenisque Romanis quæ omnes designatæ sunt a *Magistro ALMA-TADEMA* *Academise Regiæ*? Poeta fuit in errore cum ille scripsit:—

"O formosæ puer nimium ne crede colori!"

Nam "*color*" *ALMA-TADEMA* est mirabilis, et tam bene cuncta facta sunt, ut ego possum dicere, cum alio poetâ aut scriptore, uno verbo mutato:—

"Nullum ignotum pro magnifico!"†

Ave! *BEERBOHMII ARBOR*! Ave! Ite caput!

Ad umbram *Cæsaris* "*referens*" non "*horresco*," nam "*vidi meliora et probavi*" (quotationes classicas adaptatas lectores) in usu magicæ lanternæ domesticæ.

Et nunc redire domum quod habemus septem dies extra, sed quando tu, *Magister Punchius*, legis hæc scripta, ero iterum ad illam scholam cujus sum alumnus notabilis.

Valete et plaudite!

BINKINS MINOR.

* *LUDOVICO MURIOR*. The pater told me *Ludovicus* is *Lewis*, and as "*murus*" is "*a wall*," "*murior*" is a "*Waller*"? Jocus! [Ad Editorem.]

† "*Nothing has been ignored for the sake of the magnificent effect!*"

TALIEN-WAN.

How is this said? To rhyme with "*yarn*,"
Should we pronounce it *Talien-Wan*,
Or should we say, to rhyme with "*on*,"
A as in "*what*," just *Talien-Wan*,
Or that some journalistic man
Spun all this yarn on *Talien-Wan*?

COMPENSATION.

A GERMAN sailor having been killed near *Kiao-Chau*, the German Government has demanded more concessions from China. When at last the *Deutschland* has been towed, and tugged, and dragged, and pulled, and pushed to her destination, it may be possible to send in a little bill, thus:—

To 1 Missionary, killed	200,000 taels.
Ditto ditto	1 Cathedral, complete.
Ditto ditto	50 square miles of territory.
To 1 Sailor, killed	1 Railway concession.
" 1 Colonel, insulted	1,000 square miles of territory.
" 2 Colonels, wounded	1 Province.
" 1 General, killed	The Chinese Empire.

THIS appeared in *Manchester Guardian*, February 4:—

"WANTED, an Oldham Widow: state condition and lowest price."

What on earth is the advertiser going to do with her? Drive her in single harness?



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF
"JOSEPH M.P."

House of Commons, Tuesday morning, February 9.—SARK often compares House of Commons to a public school. In the main he is right; points of resemblance crop up nearly every day through a Session. Analogy breaks down at one epoch. Members differ from schoolboys, inasmuch as they are as delighted to get back for fresh term as they were boisterously hilarious on breaking up for holidays.

Since ten o'clock this morning, House, lobbies, reading-room, and library thronged with Members pleased with themselves and each other. Some audibly chortled in their joy. Such shaking of hands! such slapping on the back! such hearty enquiry after everybody's health! Might be the first reunion in a safe place of shipwrecked and temporarily parted passengers.

"Yes, it's all very well, Tony mein," said PRINCE ARTHUR, standing by me and looking on the animated scene. "What's sport to them is death to us. For just six months we've done without the House of Commons, not to mention the House of Lords. I'm not going to say that we have managed throughout with unvaried, unqualified success. But whatever we've done we should, in similar circumstances, have done exactly the same had Parliament been sitting. We should have done it, too, in our own way at our own time. Yet think of all the rumpus that would ineffectually have accompanied our patriotic labours. There would have been questions day by day, which, pleading the interests of the State, we should have declined to answer, or at best should have dribbled forth information. There would have been motions for the adjournment, probably Votes of Censure, useful to us as

smothering anything like incipient revolt on our side. There would have been talk, talk, and the end would have been precisely as it is fashioned to-day. I begin to think that, after all, CARLYLE, himself, you know, much averse from talking, was right in his contempt for our dear House of Commons. Now here they are again, bursting with wanting-to-know-you-know, and every other man in the throng with an Amendment to the Address in his pocket. Much better for all of us if they would let me give them right off another six months' holiday."

"Mr. SPEAKER!" It is the voice of the doorkeeper. I hear him complain. "Hats off, strangers!" and through the throng of bared heads the SPEAKER, in wig and gown, his skirt upheld by his train-bearer, passes with dignified pace into the House, to begin all over again the old, old round of duties, delights, and other things.

CHOKING CHICAGO.

[The people of Chicago complain that their bread is adulterated in consequence of the corner in wheat.]

LITTLE JACK HORNER
Sat in a "corner,"
Eating Chicago bread,
It stuck in his jaw
Being mostly of straw;
We cannot repeat what he said.

ARTIST'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Has the anxious parent been to see his child's portrait?

Answer. He has seen it.

Q. Did he approve of it?

A. He will like it better when I have made some slight alterations.

Q. What are they?

A. He would like the attitude of the figure altered, the position of the arms changed, the face turned the other way, the hair and eyes made a different colour, and the expression of the mouth improved.

Q. Did he make any other suggestions?

A. Yes; he wishes to have the child's favourite pony and Newfoundland dog put in, with an indication of the ancestral home in the background.

Q. Is he willing to pay anything extra for these additions?

A. He does not consider it necessary.

Q. Are you well on with your Academy picture?

A. No; but I began the charcoal sketch yesterday.

Q. Have you secured the handsome model?

A. No; the handsome model has been permanently engaged by the eminent R.A.

Q. Under these circumstances, do you still expect to get finished in time?

A. Yes; I have been at this stage in February for as many years as I can remember, and have generally managed to worry through somehow.

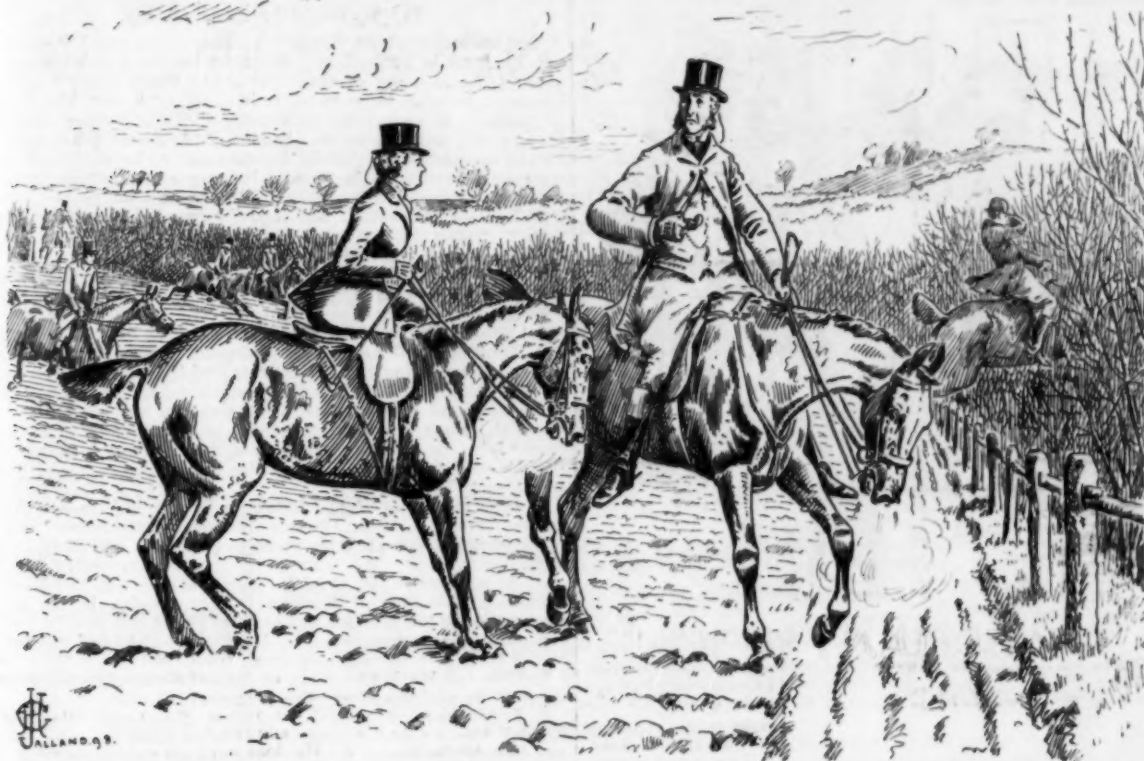
A PLATONIC VALENTINE.

HAD your path long since crossed mine,
When love's arrows were acuter,
Haply then my Valentine
You had been, and I your suitor.

Now no more our passions rage,
Sentiment we bar as stupid;
Verging on the middle age
We defy the darts of Cupid.

Yet, although with fancy free
Trivial topics we discourse on,
Valentine you still may be,
Lady, and I'll be your Orson.

AN OMISSION AND SUGGESTION.—A second edition is announced of a popular work entitled *Men who have made the Empire*. Is Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS included? He has done much towards making the Empire, not to mention the Gaiety and Daly's. Shall we have a companion volume, *Men and Women who have made the Alhambra*? With, of course, a portrait of M. JACONI.



A THOUGHTFUL MAN.

Hounds running hard. The handy line of gates having come to an end, Mr. Pulker and his Wife arrive at a stiff boundary Fence.

Mr. Pulker. "GOODNESS GRACIOUS, JANE! DO YOU KNOW IT'S AFTER FOUR! WE MUST BE STARTING FOR HOME, OR YOU'LL MISS THAT MOTHER'S MEETING AT FIVE. WHAT A CONFOUNDED NUISANCE!"

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

PRESUMABLY as the result of the recent articles in the *Daily News*, Mr. Punch has been inundated with letters from a host of correspondents who beg him to observe the rules by which they have attained longevity, in order that he may long be spared to gladden their leisure hours. He is, of course, gratified to find himself the object of so much solicitude on the part of his readers, but at the same time he finds it difficult to follow the advice of all. "Septuagenarian," for instance, urges him to become a vegetarian. "On no account touch meat. It is poison. For the last fifty years I have dined on a boiled onion, and supped off a pint of lentil porridge." "Octogenarian," on the other hand, urges him "to eat, drink and be merry as much and as often as you please. I find there is nothing like a jolly good dinner, followed by a theatre, and supper with plenty of champagne, to put me in real good form." "Nonagenarian" declares that "the secret of long life lies in a cold tub taken every morning, winter and summer, with unflinching regularity." "Centenarian," again, writes, "Beware of soap and water—they spell death. For my part, I have only had a bath once in my life, when I went to the workhouse and could not help myself. The result was I caught a chill from which I nearly died." "Home-bird" avers that she owes her eighty years of happiness to ma-

trimony. "Gay Dog of Ninety" says, "Half a century ago I was to marry, when I suddenly remembered your advice, and didn't. O, Mr. Punch! but for you I should have been dead these forty years." "Blue Ribbon" argues that none but teetotalers can, or deserve to, attain old age. "Liver," on the contrary, writes, "Dear Mr. Punch,—There is nothing like a good stiff jorum of your namesake to preserve a man"; whilst "Law and Order" declares for "Regularity in all things. Look at me! Here am I, ninety-nine years of age, hale and hearty as a chicken of twenty. I get drunk regularly every Saturday night, and remain so till Tuesday morning." "Irishman" writes, "If 'tis long ye're wantin' to live, ye must begin over agin. 'Tis all a question of heredity, it is. Ye must choose yer own feyther an' mother an' see they coom from a long-lived stock, an' that's the only way at all, at all." If it were not for the initial objection that he is already born, and the further difficulty of selecting your parents before you yourself have any existence, Mr. Punch would be inclined to believe that "Irishman" had hit the nail on the head; but for the present these two obstacles seem insuperable. For the rest, as it is manifestly impossible to adopt the advice of all, while it might be thought invidious to make distinctions, Mr. Punch has decided to thank his correspondents for their kindly suggestions, but to continue in his old habits and to take his chance of long life with his neighbours.

MEMORIES OF MY VALENTINES.

"The time I've lost in wooing."—Moore.

O'er rhythm and rhyme
I've wasted my time
In singing the praises of NANCY.
Who proved but a jilt,
Not true gold, but gilt,
And LILIAN captured my fancy.

My lovely KATHLEEN,
My pride and my Queen,
Alas! it was dreadfully shocking;
We ne'er could agree,
It turned out that she
Was what people call a blue-stocking.

There ne'er lived a man
Who so adored FAN,
She was all that my fancy depicted,
So loving and kind,
I hated to find
She was with a temper afflicted.

I do not suppose
A girl such as ROSE
You'd meet in the whole of life's journey,
Ere I could decide
To make her my bride,
She wedded an artful attorney.

Tho' years may roll by,
Still single am I,
I can't find a maiden to marry,
For while I reflect,
They seem to select,
Such fellows as TOM, DICK or HARRY.



"ALL A-GROWING, ALL A-BLOWING!"

["MRS. NICHOLSON spoke of the facility with which vegetarians might, if they pressed their demands upon their tradesmen, obtain vegetarian boots and vegetarian gloves."—Report in Daily Paper of Meeting of the Vegetarian Federal Union.]

OUR LUNATIC CONTRIBUTOR THINKS THIS AN EXCELLENT IDEA. BUT WHY NOT HAVE VEGETARIAN COATS, AND HATS, TOO—IN FACT, VEGETARIAN CLOTHING FROM HEAD TO FOOT!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Confession of Stephen Whapshare (HUTCHINSON) is a story as powerful as it is unpleasant. Mrs. (or Miss) EMMA BROOKE draws a vivid picture of a pretty, selfish clinger to the outer shell of religious life mated to a strong-willed, deep-passioned, ambitious man. As a work of art it is admirable. But my Baronite fancies the majority of people take up a novel in search of pleasurable rest. This is not found in the company, the household, or the environment of *Stephen Whapshare* and his wife. The only time the heart warms towards him is when he gets rid of Mrs. W. by an overdose of chloral.

The Liberal Magazine, just issued from the Liberal Publication Department, 42, Parliament Street, is recommended for the use of Liberal speakers and canvassers. It need not necessarily be limited to that school of politician, being full of information on a wide range of public matters. Volume V. forms a political record for the year 1897, which, with the assistance of a complete index, may, my Baronite says, be turned to with advantage in the coming year.

Falklands (LONGMANS & Co.), by the author of *The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*, is the pleasantly told story of a statesman who had been as unsuccessful in politics as in warfare, and not so extraordinarily happy in his home. That LUCIUS CARY was courageous is shown by his conduct in action; and that he was rash in speech is evident from his bold attempt at making a pun out of the most hopeless verbal materials. Not even one of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S clowns could have said anything more feeble than did Lord FALKLAND when he replied to HYDE that "a Secretary in War may be present at the greatest secret of danger." Indeed, "a lame pun," as the author says in a foot-note. Lord FALKLAND, when he made this essay in punning, was just thirty-three, and ought to have known better. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that he was not aware of the presence of "a chiel among ye, takin' notes, an' faith he'll nrent it," and so probably indulged in a witticism which he considered just about up to the level of his companion's comprehension. The book and its illustrations are most interesting.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"FUGACES ANNO!"—Quite an impossibility,—“to fix a day.”

TO INTENDING JUDGES.

THE innocence of the Bench is a thing of the past. Nowadays a judge must be omniscient. He must no longer ask counsel to explain the meaning of the expression "Derby Day": on the contrary, he must be prepared to instruct a "bookie" in the art of betting, or to explain to a milliner the difference between Roman and ordinary satin. Indeed, Mr. Punch hears that in future candidates for judicial honours are to be subjected to a rigorous examination in General Information, of which the following test-paper has been handed to him as a sample:—

1. Explain the terms "box-pleat," "gusset," "pouf," "chevrette," "plastron," "revers," "placket-hole," "foundation," "shaped yoke," "combinations."
2. Give the genus, species and property of "molleton," "cachemire," "tulle," "chiffon," "saracenet," "broché silk," "glacé silk," "guipure." Sketch from these materials a toilette to suit a short, stout witness of forty-five.
3. Translate into English the following passage from a ladies' journal, commenting on the grammar and the words italicised:—"The five-gore skirt is fitted without darts, and measures about 3½ yards round hem, pattern being used for cutting lining and material, which make up together, and in cutting out place centre front to a fold to avoid seam, front side of back gore to selvedge, and the line of oblong holes inside gore on the straight of material."
4. Give the dates of the following Spring meetings:—Newmarket Craven, Lincoln, Chester, Lingfield, Nottingham, Kempton. Mention the probable starters (with age and weight) for each.
5. At what price did *Bend Or* start when he won the Derby? Supposing that he and *Perseus* were running in the same year, estimate the odds for and against either.
6. Give the names, weights, length, breadth and thickness of the Oxford and Cambridge crews from 1880.
7. Give the batting averages to date of STODDART'S team, and the bowling analyses of any three Australians.
8. Distinguish, if possible, between the terms, "sparring match," "prize fight," "homicide." Under which category would you include the recent fight at the National Sporting Club?
9. Explain the words "Par," "Tiv," "Jimmy's." Write down anything you know about them.
10. Translate and comment on the following technical expressions: "Blackheath's tackling was judicious, but they were weak in the scrum." "The forwards were ragged, and their shooting innocent of sting." "Convert the point." "Punt." "Lob." "Yorker." "Niblick." "Dormy one." "Three up and two to play."

VALENTINE'S DAY—THEN AND NOW.

THEN—THIRTY YEARS AGO. *Family assembled.*

Paterfamilias. Post nearly two hours late! Really disgraceful! *Materfamilias.* Well, dear, remember it's only once a year, and we used to enjoy it ourselves before we were married!

Eldest Daughter. I got half-a-dozen last year. I daresay I shall get twice as many this.

Second Daughter. I daresay! I believe you send them yourself!

Eldest Daughter. So probable! How can you think of such silly things! And how spiteful of you!

Son and Heir. Don't quarrel, girls! And here's the post.

Enter Servant with heaps of letters, which are eagerly seized and distributed.

Chorus. What are they?

Paterfamilias (disgusted at his budget). Valentines!

NOW—TO-DAY. *Family assembled as before.*

Paterfamilias. The fourteenth of February. Dear me, surely this is a memorable date—somehow.

Materfamilias. To be sure, father. It's Valentine's Day.

Eldest Daughter. Is it really true, mother, that people used to receive pictures just as we do Christmas cards?

Second Daughter. Come, you can surely remember. It's not so very long for you.

Eldest Daughter. Don't be spiteful! Remember, Miss, there's only a couple of years between us!

Second Daughter. Really! From our appearance there might be a decade!

Son and Heir. Don't quarrel, girls! And here's the post!

Enter Servant with a solitary letter.

Chorus. What is it?

Paterfamilias (perusing a bill). Not a Valentine!

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.

DE LOSSY - HOLDEN
CHAMPAGNE.

The 1892 Vintage of this renowned brand is now in splendid condition, and must be justly considered the finest vintage of the century.

TO BE HAD OF ALL WINE MERCHANTS.

Consignee—

W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched Friars,
London, E.C.

DE LOSSY - HOLDEN
CHAMPAGNE.

POUDRE
D'AMOUR

Prepared by Picard Frères,
Parfumeurs.

A TOILET POWDER
FOR THE COMPLEXION,

For the Nursery,
Roughness of the Skin,
After Shaving, &c.

PURE AND HARMLESS.

BLANCHE, NATURELLE, RACHEL, 1s.
OF PERFUMERS, CHEMISTS, &c.

Wholesale, H. HOVENDEN & SONS, Berners
Street, W., and City Road, E.C., London.

EXTRA SPECIAL
ELEVEN YEARS OLD
CARLTON
WHISKEY
25/- PER GALLON
50/- PER DOZEN

This Grand Old Whiskey is a blend of the produce of the most famous HIGHLAND SMALL STILLS. Sample bottle post free on receipt of P.O. for 4s. 6d.

RICH. MATHEWS & CO.,
24 and 26, NANT ST., BLOOMSBURY, W.C.
Sold by all Leading Merchants throughout
India and the Colonies.

PROTECTS FROM
FEVERS
MEASLES
PROMOTES
THE HEALTHY
ACTION OF
THE SKIN
SMALL POX &c.
A LUXURY
FOR THE BATH
INVALUABLE
FOR THE NURSERY
THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC
SOAP WITH MEDICAL JOURNAL
MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN
DISEASES—LANCET
IN BOXES OF
3 TABLETS
SOLD EVERYWHERE
WRIGHT'S
COAL
TAR
SOAP

UNIQUE OFFER OF OLD VINTAGE BRANDY.

We have decided to offer a portion of our Stock of fine Old Cognac Brandy to the Public direct, comprising some 400 Dozen of 1872 and 1875 Vintages. Previous to the ravages of the "Phylloxera" in the Cognac district, we were well known to the Trade as the Largest Shippers of Fine Brandy outside London, and this fact enables us to make our present offer. These Brandy were shipped by Messrs. L. DUCASSE & Co., Cognac (from whom we have bought Brandy for over 50 years), in 1880, and were recently Bottled by us in Bond. We have no hesitation in saying that the *quality of these fine Champagne Brandy is hardly to be found; they are, in fact, priceless.* We offer the 1872 Vintage at the very moderate price of 135s. per doz., and the 1875 at 130s. per doz. (an allowance of 5s. per dozen may be deducted by purchasers of not less than 5 dozen). Terms: Cash, or Bankers' or Trade References. Carriage Paid—W. & S. KENT & SONS (Established 1778), UPTON-ON-SEVERN, and HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.

N.B.—Intending purchasers are requested to write as early as possible, as we anticipate that the demand will greatly exceed the supply. All orders will be dealt with in strict rotation, and no notice taken of those not in accordance with the terms stated above.

HIERATICA

NOTE PAPER, 5 Quires, 1s. Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100. Thin, for Foreign Correspondence, 5 Quires, 1s. Mourning Note, 5 Quires, 1s. 6d. Mourning Envelopes, 1s. 6d. per 100. Of all Stationers, or send stamps to Hieratica Works, 90, Upper Thames Street, London.

GOLD & SILVER
Pencil cases
with boxes of leads bearing the registered Trade mark
S. Mordan & Co
can be obtained from all
Jewellers & Stationers.

"ALL WORK
AND NO PLAYERS"
NAVY CUT
MAKES
JACK
DULL
BOY



AN OLD SAW MODERNISED.

PLAYER'S "NAVY CUT" is the ORIGINAL and the BEST. It is sold only in 1-oz. Packets, and in 2-oz., 4-oz., 8-oz. and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine smoking condition. Smokers are cautioned against imitations. Always ask for "PLAYER'S."

PLAYER'S "NAVY CUT" CIGARETTES in Packets containing 6 and 12, and in Tins of 24, 36 and 100.
PLAYER'S "NAVY CUT" CIGARETTES—"MAGNUMS."—(large size) in Pocket Cases containing 6, and in Tins of 12, 36 and 100.

BUCHANAN BLEND

SCOTCH WHISKY

AS SUPPLIED TO THE
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Burrow's "Soda."

If you want **REAL SODA** for your Whiskey, ask for it by its **PLAIN NAME**, and get **BURROW'S** if you can—
It is by far the best.
Bottled at THE SPRINGS, MALVERN.

THOMAS TURNER & CO. Make Their Own Steel.

EXCORE RAZOR
GUARANTEED PERFECT



Hand Forged, Extra Hollow Ground, Carefully Set. Guaranteed Perfect. See "Excore" on Shank. Ivory, 6s.; Black, 6s. Send for free List of Cases. From all Dealers, or write direct to Messrs. T. TURNER & CO., SUFFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD who will supply through nearest agent. Ask for "Excore" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

HOWARD BEDFORD.

Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION. Sold throughout the World.

THE HIGHEST GRADES OF
AMERICAN SHOES.
CAN BE OBTAINED
IN LONDON OF
THE AMERICAN SHOE CO.
A VISIT
SOLICITED 169, REGENT ST. W.



BLISS'S CELEBRATED CHIPPING NORTON

ESTABD 1740
For Hunting, Sporting wear
All their standard tweeds are changed on back of every two years with this new one

W. BLISS
C. NORTON



BLISS'S STANDARD TWEEDS in the lighter weights are specially adapted for Opening and for ordinary wear. The heavier weights are specially adapted for Hunting, Riding, Shooting, Fishing and Fishing.



MADE BY
PEARS
IN GREAT BRITAIN

Pears' Soap

**CAUSE
AND
EFFECT**

IT TOUCHES THE CHEEK
OF BEAUTY SO GENTLY
THAT YOUTH LINGERS
ON THE FACE OF AGE
AND AGE ITSELF LOOKS YOUTH

Pears' is matchless
for the complexion

A & F. Pears

to Her Majesty the Queen, and to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, etc.

71-73, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

WORKS: BULWORTH, LEES, LONDON.

CAUTION.—As there are numerous imitations of Pears' Soap, the public are advised to purchase only the genuine article, and to look for the name "Pears" on the wrapper and the box.

"VICTORIA VERITAS"